

That's What You Get For Asking

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Summary: A dinner party at Kevin & Lucy's quickly turns into a battle of the sexes

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> Disclaimers: The <em>General Hospital<em> and/or \_Port Charles\_ characters do not belong to me. And though I could not do as much damage to them as their rightful owners often do, no harm is intended by this piece of fiction -- so don't sue me unless you want to end up with my student loan debts.

"Here Laura, let me take that and clean it for you." Kevin offered as he reached for Mrs. Spencer's sweater. "I'm \_so\_ sorry about that. What a klutz."

"Don't worry about it Kevin," Laura smiled as she slid her cardigan off her shoulders and handed it to Dr. Collins. "A little club soda and it shouldn't stain at all."

"And if it does we'll just take it to the club and dip it in a case of Merlot to even it out," Luke said.

"Actually," Brenda started, "if you soak it in warm water with some soap there shouldn't be any problem at all."

"Just make sure you don't put it in the dryer unless the stain is

completely out," Felicia warned as Kevin headed for the kitchen.

"Right," Bobbie added, "if you do, you'll set the stain and it will never come out."

"I know how to do laundry, ladies," Kevin assured the chattering women. "Lucy, where's the laundry detergent?"

Lucy stared back at him blankly from amidst their guests. "\_Laundry detergent?\_" She pronounced the words as if they were a strange foreign language.

"Yes, Lucy. You know, the stuff that you put in the washing machine to clean the clothes," Kevin taunted.

Lucy rolled her eyes. "I \_know\_ what it is, Doc. I'm just wondering why on earth you would think \_I\_ would ever touch the stuff."

Kevin sighed dramatically, "Oh yeah, I forgot. Who needs clean clothes?"

Lucy put her hands on her hips. "I have a Platinum account at Wyndam's -- I don't need to do \_laundry!\_"

"Of course not," Sonny deadpanned. "Just wear something once and then toss it."

Lucy tried to suppress a grin. "Of course not, Mr. Corinthos. But that's why God invented \_cleaners.\_"

"Uh, I don't think God was the one that invented cleaners, Lucy," Lucky said as he fed Sigmund his salad.

"That's my kid!" Luke beamed. "He's got such an impressive grasp of the supernatural."

"Supernatural is right," Kevin agreed. "It would take an act of God for Lucy to do any housework."

Brenda's mouth twisted into a disapproving sneer. "Why should she? She works all day. She runs her own company and makes good money. Why shouldn't she have someone else take care of the more unpleasant details for her?"

"Thank you, Brenda," Lucy smirked.

"I never said she \_had\_ to do laundry," Kevin shot back defensively. "I just said she never does."

"Well, I know that I would never wash another load of laundry again in my whole entire life if I didn't have to." Felicia nodded before taking a sip of wine. "Besides, you're home all day Kevin, why can't \_you\_ wash the laundry?"

"Why should Kevin wash Lucy's laundry?" Mac asked.

"Right," Sonny added. "Lucy's a big girl. She can wash her own clothes."

"But honey," Brenda tried to smile while gritting her teeth, "Lucy spends all day tending to all kinds of big, important problems at the office. Why should she have to come home and spend her evenings hovering over household chores?"

Sigmund quacked loudly and the entire room turned to look at him. "Thank you, Sigmund," Lucy said as she reached down to pick him up.

"What? Kevin's supposed to cook and clean for her?" Sonny asked.

"Women did it for centuries, it wouldn't kill a man to do it for a while," Brenda crossed her arms in front of her.

"Absolutely!" Bobbie agreed.

"I'd kill to have a man around the house who cooked and cleaned," Felicia sighed.

"You'd love to have a man around the house," Mac quipped.

"Oh, what now, Uncle Mac?" Robin smacked his shoulder. "A woman is not a woman without a man?"

All the female eyes turned to Mac expectantly. "I never said that!"

"That's what it sounded like to me." Felicia glared.

Mac looked at Luke, "You wanna give me a hand here?"

Luke's eyes darted to his wife and then back to Mac. "No way man, I'm practicing neutrality on this one."

"Good choice, honey," Laura smiled.

"Next I suppose you're going to say something equally sexist and antiquated about a woman's place being in the home?" Robin mocked her uncle.

"Oh, please Mac," Brenda dared. "I'd just love to hear that original line."

"I didn't say a word!" Mac slumped onto the couch and reached for Sigmund, who was nestled snugly in Lucy's arms.

"My duck is a very evolved male duck, Mister." Lucy turned away from her guest. "He gets easily offended on my behalf, and doesn't like it when men don't appreciate the women in their lives."

"How am I not appreciating the women in my life? I don't have any women in my life!"

"Lucky man," Sonny muttered.

"Excuse me?" Brenda snapped.

"Huh?" Sonny's eyes grew innocently.

"What do you mean you don't have any women in your life?" Robin asked Mac. "What am I? Chopped liver?"

Mac groaned, "You're at Yale most of the time, remember? You're not in my life on a daily basis."

"If you think he's so lucky," Brenda huffed at Sonny, "then why don't you see how the other half lives and do without."

"What?" Sonny barked. "You don't do anymore housework than Lucy does!"

"I don't have a house!" Brenda seethed.

"Ha! Like that would matter."

Felicia jumped to Brenda's defense. "Why does it have to? If she has someone else who is willing to do all that disgusting work, why should she volunteer?"

"I never said she should," Sonny smiled his best disarming smile at Felicia.

"I dunno," Bobbie said. "That's not what it sounded like to me."

Sonny looked at Mac and shook his head in frustration. "Nevermind. I ain't saying a word."

"A little late for that, pal," Luke raised his glass to his business partner.

Kevin looked at Lucy in horrified confusion. "I just asked if you knew where the laundry detergent was."

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